

NARRATIVE

Of the much to be lamented Death

M. WILLIAM TYRKELL

And the more to be magnified piety of

Sr. JOHN ROUSE

Of Henham Baronet,

And divers other Gentlemen of worth, and
persons well reputed in their Country.

PUBLISHED

For the vindication of Gods Truth, and the Persons
honour and credit, from some false and malicious
aspersions cast upon them, in a flying Sheet
Entituled,

Sad and Lamentable News from Suffolk

By LIONEL GIFFORD D. D. and Rector
of Diss in Suffolk.

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A true and faithfull

NARRATIVE

OF

The much to be lamented death of Mr.
William Tyrrell, and the more to be magnified preser-
 vation of Sir *John Rous* of *Henham* Baronet, and divers
 other Gentlemen of worth, &c.



ou have heard not long since, both by Books and
 Ballads, (whether from the same or severall
 hands, is somewhat doubtfull, though the Title
 and Relations be the same, so far as the Con-
 federates in iniquity thought fit to lay their
 lies and slanders together) *Sad and Lamen-
 table Newes from Suffolk*, being (as they falsely
 term it) *A true and perfect Relation of the great Thunderclaps, and
 Lightning, that fell upon the House of Mr. Absalon at Wangford,*
where Mr. Torrill, Mr. Brome (for so they call them) Mr. Blow-
gate, Mr. Lemon, and divers other Gentlemen were drinking
Healths. And the manner how the said Thunderclaps, &c. as fol-
lows in their swelling Titles. And all this (say they) attested by
the fore-man of the Jury, Mr. John Gibson, who was summoned
upon the Crowners Quest.

Now that God may be glorified in his wonderfull work
 mercy and judgement, his Truth magnified, the Holy
 Names, both of the mercifully preserved and miraculously

hurt Gentlemen vindicated, and loud Lies, slanders and reproaches, of the Saint-seeming, Devil-imitating, and Hell-breathing Phana-ticks, that have divulged and published those pernicious and pestiferous reports to the world, be thrown back into their own impudent faces : I shall first give you a true Narrative of that whole busi-ness, as I received it from the Pen of a Person of Honour and In-tegrity, who, I verily believe, abhorres to tell an untruth, or speak deceitfully for God himself, as *Job's* expression is, *cap. 13. ver. 7.* much more for the salving of any mans credit : and that done, I shall give you some few animadversions thereon, and so leave the Libellers to repent of their lies and slanders, or to suffer for them, as God and the Executioners of his wrath shall think fit.

Upon *Wednesday* the last of *July* after Dinner, Sir *John Rous* of *Henham* in the County of *Suffolk*, a Gentleman of known honour and honesty, and highly beloved and esteemed in his Country, and a member of this present Parliament took out with him Mr. *William Tyrrell*, that was (if I mistake not) a Kinsman of his, and well respected of him, to walk with him into some Grounds of his, not far from his house ; where they met with Mr. *Thomas Absalon* of *Wangford*, that hired some Grounds of Sir *John* ; and he entreated Sir *John* to goe to his house, and the rather, for that Captain *Lemon*, and his Nephew Mr. *John Lemon* were there, and the latter of them had a desire to speak with him, being to goe the next day towards *London*. Sir *John Rous* promised to call there, ere he returned home ; and as he was going, he found Mr. *Breame*, and his Brother Mr. *James Breame* selling of Cattell to a *Butcher*, and called to them ; and they, together with Mr. *Blowgate*, Sir *John's* Steward, and *Robert Brown* another of his Servants (who had been abroad with his Gun, as he used frequently to doe) went along with him. And when all, or the most part of these Persons had been in the *Parlour* of Mr. *Absalons* house some small time, viz. about half an hour, or not so much, and had onely received the civility of a Cup or two of *Beer* (there being nothing, no not so much as the *Beer* provided on purpose for them, nor the least design of any such meeting pre-determined many minutes before) on a sudden there happened a very great shower of Rain, and after the violence of that was a little over, there followed a clap of thunder, which breaking just over the said house, seemed much greater to them and the neigh-

neighbours adjoyning, then it did to those that were some small distance from thence, it being not taken notice of at all, by those that were within lesse then a mile of that house. And some people that were in the Yards belonging to that house, and to the houses near it, saw (as they affirm) a Ball of Fire fall upon the house, which raised and brake some of the Tyles, shivered a Sparre in the Garret into fourty shivers, rent some of the Studds of the house, brake thorow, or otherwise found its passage into the Chamber over the Parlour, and there tore the Bed-posts and back of the Bed into many pieces; and fell into a hole of the boards, and brake thorow the Seeling into the Parlour, where the Gentlemen were; Sir *John Rous* sitting at the end of the Table, and Mr. *Tyrrell* by him at the side thereof, with the Window just behind him, and Mr. *Breame* and his Brother by Mr. *Tyrrell*, Captain *Lemon* at the other end of the Table, and Mr. *Blowgate* at some distance from them. And the sulphurious Vapour (like tearing Granado) or rather as much transcending it, as Nature does Art, or the more immediate work of the God of Nature, does the work of Man) dispersed it self in the Parlour, without any fire or flash of Lightning seen by any of the company; and in an instant struck Mr. *Tyrrell* dead as he sate, beat down one of the *Breames* upon the floor, and threw the other upon the Table, lifted Mr. *Blowgate* out of his Chayre, and cast him upon the side of the Table, but did not carry him out of the Parlour to the top of the Room, and then cast him upon a Table (as the nonsensicall Pamphleteer asserts in the Title of his Libell) and him Captain *Lemon* help't into his Chayre again, though he was not at that time sensible of that kindnesse; Mr. *John Lemon* was struck down flat upon his back as he was coming into the house, & taken up dead, but being presently carried into the open aire, he soon revived, and was so well, as that, according to his intention, he began his Journey toward *London* the next day, but Mr. *William Tyrrell* never recovered. The Woman of the house, being in the next Room with her Children, saw (as she saith) a flash of fire glide thorow the Room, and shoot out at the Door, which she thought would have done much mischief in that Room also, had not the Door been open. And it is said by others that were abroad, that they saw another flash of fire flye out at that Window, against which Mr. *Tyrrell* sate: in the Chamber there was found a corner of a Window so

displaced, as if it had been forced out with some difficultie, and the end thereof, as if it had been black't with a Candle : And there was all that Evening, a very strong smell of fire and sulphur in the house. But blessed for ever be that Almighty and most mercifull God, that is *slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy* ; yea, that *in his wrath remembers mercy*, Sir *John Rous*, the principall man aimed at by the Phanatick Libellers, and some of his company, and divers in the same house, had not, that I can hear either from their friends or enemies, the least harm ; but were as miraculously preserved, as one was strangely slain, and others more gently smitten. And this is the full and clear truth of the businesse, so far as could be collected from persons so astonished and amazed, as those were that were most concerned ; and from the testimonies of such sober and discreet persons as were either sad spectatours of it, or serious enquirers into it.

And though this bare Narrative be a sufficient discovery of the malicious Lies and Slanders of the Libellers, yet seeing they have not onely published their malicious Lies and Slanders in Print, but have Commented thereon with as much artifice, as that darknesse, which they call *the Light within them*, would give them leave to use. I hope it will not be thought unworthy of my Profession, or unbecoming that service and gratitude, wherein I stand obliged to Sir *John Rous*, to make some animadversions upon the whole matter, as they have represented it, and to give Sir *John*, and his Friends and Servants, which were either untouch't by those fiery Darts of God, that so strangely flew up and down amongst them, or were but gently smitten by them, some becoming advise for their making good use of that their miraculous deliverance.

First then, take notice that he that attests the matter of the Libell, is ashamed of his own name, *Daniel Ewin* ; and therefore he borrows the name of *John Gibson* to subscribe it. And indeed he might well be ashamed to set his own name to it, he having been such a known Lyar, so notorious in that service of his Master the Devill, and such a plunderer of the Goods, such a pillager of the Estates, such a depraver of the Names, and such a persecutor of the Persons of all faithfull and loyall subjects, that his hands or tongue could reach ; that had the name of *Daniel Ewin* been set to it, all that know him would have suspected that litle truth which he relates, because so lewd a Lyar related it : and his many lies intermixed
with

with it would have been immediately thrown in his face by all his neighbours about him, with such detestation and abhorrencie, as that he must have fled his Countrey sooner then he intends (though it is believed that his place of aboad will spue him out very suddenly) or else have indured a storm, as hard to be indured by him, as that which the persecuted Persons, through Gods unspeakable mercy to them, were inabled to endure.

In the next place, give me leave to inform you of the transcendent malice of this *Daniel Ewin*, who because *Sr. John Rous*, according to his duty incumbent on him, as one of the chief Commissioners in the *Militia*, and now one of his Majesties Deputy Lieutenants of the County of *Suffolk*, had curbed the daring insolencies of the said *Ewin* and some of his fellow-Phanaticks, and disappointed and suppressed some of their rebellious designs, he took now this opportunity to bespatter, as much as he could, *Sr. John's* unspotted name, as being no other way able to asperse him. And being made fore-man of the *Coroners inquest*, he laboured according to his little wit and superabundant Villanie, (wherein he had been a long time practised) to have made the death of *Mr Tyrrell*, murder: and when he found that to be too gross and ridiculous even in the apprehension of the meanest Juror, (though to the shame of those that are intrusted with impannelling of Juries, they that serve upon Juries of life and death, are too often none of the wisest of the Countrey) he then thought that the suggestion of intended drunkenness or excessive drinking, would be the most easily insinuated into those of his own fraternity, & stick fastest upon those of the Royal party, amongst whom *Sr. John Rous* was a Gentleman of no little eminencie. Wherefore he adds in his information, that *Sr. John Row*, and *Mr. Torrill*, and *Mr. Brome* (as he miscalls them; for either he could not spell their names aright, or else his brother Phanatick, that composed his Libell for him, had not the true key or character of his lying letters) and his brother, *Mr. Lemon* and his brother, *Mr. Blowgate* and *Mr. Robert Brown* servants to the said *Sr. John Row*, with divers other Gentlemen, (that were there invisibly, for he had named the whole company, only he thought there yet wanted some more to make what followes the more probable) met on purpose to drink out a Barrell of March-beer; the Kennel-defiling Rythmer scores it up a Pipe of Beer. Whereas, neither was there any meeting at all assigned

assigned many minutes before, (as was before declared by those Gentlemen but they met all accidentally, neither did they, when they met, meet with any such provision as a Barrell of March Beer or a Pipe of other Beer, but the Gentleman that gave them that little drink which they drank, did in probable civility give them the best that he had, whether it were Beer or Ale, of March or any other moneth; and they in good manners did not inquire into the age of it, as it seems the fore-man of the *Coroners Inquest* thought fit to doe, or rather adventured to report it, to make way for his comment of inflaming and intoxicating. Only I wonder that *Ewin*, the Brewer or Brewster of that Lye of March Beer, should so much forget the anagramme of his own name, as not rather to have told us of so much wine that was sent in before hand from *Blithborough*, from whence he borrowed the name of *John Gibson*, or that his *Bartholomew-faire Ballad-maker* should so mistake, as to call a pipe of *Tobacco* a pipe of *Beer*; But let such Lyars beware that when they have thus aspersed sober and worthy persons with drinking of what and as much liquor as they please, their own tongues set on fire of hell (as *St. James* speakes) doe not one day, when it will be too late, cry out, for a drop of cold water to cool them.

Take one thing more from the Fore-man of the Jury his attested relation. He tells us, that the force of the thunder came in at the window against which *Mr. Torrill* was sitting; and yet some very few lines before he saith (and it is in a manner the only truth in his relation) that the force of the thunder-clap fell upon the tyles of the house and broke into the Parlour chamber and from thence fell down into the Parlour where the Gentlemen were sitting. A Lyar, you see, had need to have a better memory then the fore-man in this Lye, had: and he saith he was both an eare and eye witnesse thereunto, which I confesse I doe not understand how it was possible; unlesse he saw the Thunder that came in at the Parlour Window, and heard the Thunderclap that fell upon the Tyles, and so thorow the Parlour Chamber into the Parlour: and indeed we men of carnall Eyes and Eares doe not know (as they often tell us) what such sanctified Eyes and Eares, as *Ewin* and such Phanaticks have, can see and hear. But this I am sure, *Ewin* did at this time very much oversee what he was summoned to view and observe; and is one, that constantly hears as ill, as any man in that County: and both he and
his

his Pamphleter deserve to loose their eyes and ears too for abusing so many thousand eyes and ears as they have done with their Hypocritical Lyes in print, which mindes me of speaking something to their Hypocrisie as well as to their Lying.

That prediction or prophesie of the spirit of God. *1 Timoth. 4. v. 2. That in the latter times some should depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing Spirits and Doctrines of Devills, speaking Lyes in hypocrisie, having their conscience seared with an hot iron;* is not more truly and exactly fulfilled in any, then in the Phanaticks of these times. and the hypocriticall Canting of those Phanaticks, which I am presenting to you, will witnesse as much.

The greatest thing (saith the Libeller) that we can desire (next to the glory of God) is our own salvation; and the sweetest thing we can desire, is the assurance of our salvation. And in this life we cannot get higher, then to be assured of that which in the next is to be enjoyed. These are the charming termes, with which the composer of the Libell would lull you a sleep, whil't he poysons your faith with a most venomous and false suggestion of the fore-named Gentlemans excesse in drinking at their meeting. Oh the matchlesse boldnesse of phanaticall impudence! could nothing, but the lifting men up with the thoughts of salvation and the assurance thereof, be thought on as a delusion strong enough to perswade them to believe a lye? Certainly where salvation is but hoped for by any, all Lying, and especially the belying and slandering of others, is abhorred and detested: for as all lying lips are an abomination to the Lord *Proverbs 12. 22. So he that speakes lies in the name of the Lord, is so abominable unto men as well as to the Lord, that his own father and mother that begat him, shall say unto him, thou shalt not live, Zack. 13. 3.* And if *whosoever loveth and maketh a Lye shall not be suffered to enter into the gates of the heavenly Jerusalem Revelat. 22. v. 15 and chap. 21. 27.* much lesse shall they be admitted to enter, that not only make lies, but make use of the talking of Gods glory and the assurance of mans salvation, to make way for their Lyes to enter the more smoothly and undiscernably into mens hearts. Excesse of drinking is exceeding sinfull; and, praised be God, there are many, very many, of the Kings faithfull and loyall subjects, that hate it in reallity, as much as any of your Phanatick crew doe in pretence. But withall we acknowledge, that

we think it far worse to be drunke with malice and envy, with disobedience and rebellion, with violence and blood, with oppression and sacrilege, with dissimulation and hypocrisie, with error and heresie, then with *wine* or *beer*, or any other liquor. And therefore if ye would be saints indeed, as well as so reputed, let drunkenness and other fowle scandalous finnes be abhorred of you, because they are finnes, and abhorred by God, and then you will abhor lying and dissembling as well as the rest; and doe not think yourselves, or rather call yourselves Saints, (for surely ye cannot seriously think yourselves so) because ye abstain from those sins from which the Devills themselves abstain, and in the mean time delight in those, in which they most delight, and particularly in that sinne of falsely accusing your brethren, from which the Devill hath his name *Diabolus*, Devill, *Revelat.* 12. v. 10.

But to trace this Libeller a little further. He tells us of two heavens and that some saints enjoy a heaven while they are here on earth: and that all may enjoy two heavens, is (as he saith) the project of his discourse, and that this project may be published, he would lay down some cautionary motions for preventing excess in drinking; considering the late, sad and heavy judgements that befell divers Gentlemen in *Suffolk*, as they were drinking of healths &c. O rare projectour that hath found out two heavens, and that the Saints enjoy one of those heavens here on earth: I confesse the Scriptures make mention of three heavens the first the aereall heaven, which is the next above the earth: and from whence the birds and fowles, that fly therein are called the birds and fowles of heaven, and the clouds, the clouds of heaven; the second the starry heaven, under which name is comprehended not only the orbes of the planets, but that orbe also where the fixed starres are and so all the whole extant from above the clouds, to that which is the place provided by Christ for the blessed for ever to remain in, and from it the Starres are called the Starres of heaven &c. And then the third heaven, as *St. Paul* calls it 2. *Cor.* 12. 2. and is that heaven; into which Christ is according to his body ascended, and of which he saith, that the Angells doe alwayes behold the face of my father which is in heaven; and he taught us to say. *Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.* But all these three heavens are above the earth; only our earthly Dreamer (as *S. Jude* calls such) hath dreamt of

of another heaven upon earth, which some whom he calls Saints doe enjoy : whereas those that are true reall Saints indeed, doe here on earth finde rather an hell then a heaven, by the reason of the many temptations and persecutions, the miseries and afflictions, the fightings without and the fears within, the wrestlings and other incounters, that they of all men are daily either oppressed with or exercised by : insomuch that if they had only hope in this life in Christ, they were of all men the most miserable, But it is well for such Saints as the Libeller and his fellow-brethren, that he hath found out for himself and them an heaven on earth ; for now perhaps, he and they, that have their portion in this life, may intitle themselves to that newfound heaven : for as for heaven above ; if all his lying Pamphlets were made into a paper Kite (which the boys about the city, as well as they love such toys will scarce take the pains to doe, knowing a more proper use for them, by throwing them downward) yet they would not mount him or his name, above the highest of a pillory, and for his poor soul God be mercifull to him, unlesse he doe in time repent of his lying and slandering, of his hypocrisie and counterfeited sanctity, it will need no other filth to clog its wings from ever soaring neerer the highest heaven, then that heaven where the Prince of the aire is sometimes permitted to revell in; and such projectors as he, may for a time be allowed to breath in.

But who told him that the Gentlemen, met at *Wangford* were drinking of healths, & that in excessse, when the late sad & heavy judgments befell them? There is no mention of drinking healths, or drinking in excessse, in all the relation attested by *Gibson* alias *Ewin*: but that they met to drink out a barrell of March Beer; which was also a loud one, as hath been already shewn, but suppose they were drinking of healths, or did otherwise drink in excessse, (which is the meer fiction of the Libellers own Phanatick brain and that whereby he carryes away the whetstone from *Ewin* himself) how dares the Libeller be so bold with with God and his judgements, which are so unsearchable as well as terrible, as to apply Gods judgements to any persons whatsoever, so as to say, or suggest by way of intimation, that for this or that cause, God sent such or such judgements upon such and such persons; unlesse God did, by those judgements upon those persons, indigitate those causes so evidently, as that their sinne might be visibly read in the marks and characters of

those judgements. And then too, men ought to be very wary and tender of judging others, lest God himself, who is the Judge himself of all men, Judge them also for usurping his Throne, and peculiar Prerogative, by Judging of any of his: especially so as to think them the greatest sinners, on whom God layes the sorest judgements, when he spares others. Remember those *Galileans*, whose blood *Pilate* mingled with their sacrifices: and *those eighteen upon whom the Tower of Siloe fell and slew them*, Luke 13. Christ himself assures you, that *they were not sinners above all the Galileans*, nor above all the inhabitants of *Jerusalem* that escaped those judgments: but the prime use to be made by those that escape Gods judgments, when others suffer under them or perish by them, is (as our Saviour there intimates) *to repent of their own sins, lest they also perish*. Besides, so much did God magnifie his mercy at that very time, in preserving so many alive, and some of them untoucht, when he took away onely one of their company, and smote some of the rest with so gentle a stroke, that their very preservation rather speaks their freeness at that present from any such foul crime, as the Libeller would fain fasten upon them, than give any just occasion to any to suspect them guilty thereof.

But the Libeller goes on, *You must, you'll say drink the Kings health*; and to shew his Logick as well as his Rhetorick, he refutes the doing so, thus: *Is it congruous in cups of excesse to drink the Kings health, when he preserves his health by little drinking?* surely the man thinks, that they who drink the Kings health, doe not onely wish or pray for his health, or otherwise honourably speak of him; but they mingle his health in their Cups, as they doe Sugar, or some other ingredients: or else what congruity is there in that pretty knocking saying of his? But who (I beseech him) are they, that say, they must drink the Kings health? did those Gentlemen say so? The Fore-man himself affirms no such thing: and if they did drink his Majesties health, might they not doe it without drinking it in Cups of excesse, and so preserve their own health as well as drink his? It is beyond the limits of my vindication, to determine the lawfulness or unlawfulness of drinking the Kings health; for the Libeller quarrells onely at the drinking of it in Cups of excesse, and so far all sober men concur with him: but it may well be suspected, that if he loved the King or his health so well

well as he should, he would not have crowded that passage into his Pamphlet so incongruously & impertinently: but calumny knows nothing of congruity or pertinency. The thing that he aims at, is questionlesse this, To have the world believe that such a sad and lamentable judgement fell such a time, upon such and such Gentlemen for drinking of the Kings health. And whether this does not smell strongly of the Phanatick humour, let himself judge; though I presume the Phanatics will not thank him for one observation of his a little before, *viz. That Wine or Beer in a drunken excessse, inflames the heart, intoxicates the brain, and turns all Phanatics*: But truly I thank him for that saying; for, by this I conjecture, how he himself became so inflamed as he is, & his brain crows so much as it does, and so he is turned all Phanatick; the poor man had taken a cup or two of excessse. Alas poor heart & weak brain, beware how you meddle any more either with drinking or scribbling a little too much: for you then throw about your Inke, you care not how, nor upon whom, but bespatter those whom either you know, or at least dare not let them know your Name.

He gives you a caution also against Oathes and Execrations; which he forceth into his Libell by head and shoulders, and all to throw more dirt into those faces, which either he never saw, or knows them to be such, that the least spot cannot stick upon them, especially them that he chiefly aimed at.

At the last he whines out something that might from another mouth, be thought to favour of Loyaltie; and therefore as the Philosopher, when he heard a very bad man speak a very good sentence, entreated an honest man that stood by, to speak that sentence over again, for that it would sound much better out of a better mouth: So I could wish, that those good words, which this wicked Libeller hath let fall concerning our Gracious and Dread Sovereign, and the temperance and devotion, with which his good Subjects should as good Christians rejoyce, for his return and reestablishment amongst us (which I understand by that expression of his, *Let us all heighten the joyful shout of a King amongst us*) I could wish, I say, that some honest & cordial Loyalist had uttered those words, & they would have sounded much sweeter, and not so hollow & crack't as they doe. But Saint James hath much abated the wonder of an evill tongue speaking sometimes good words; when he saith, *James 3. Therewith blesse*

we God even the Father, and therewith curse we men, which are made after the similitude of God. Out of the same mouth proceedeth blessing and cursing. And so this Libeller might by chance at the last speak well of the King, though he had all along spoken evil, and that most maliciously, of some that are his most faithful Subjects.

And to those faithful Subjects doe I now for a conclusion of all address my self, humbly beseeching, & earnestly intreating both you my most honoured Patron, and the rest of those Gentlemen, that were so mercifully & miraculously preserved, to spend your preserved lives the more piously and religiously in Gods service, because they were so precious in his sight, as to work so wonderfully and graciously in the preservation of them, when they were so near unto destruction. It is the Lord that giveth life unto all, *Act. 17. 25.* And it is the same Lord that hath redeemed your lives from destruction, and crowned you with loving kindnesse and tender mercies, *Psal. 103. 4.* And therefore what can each of you say lesse, then that which that Psalmist there saith, in contemplation of those mercies, *ver. 1. 2. Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, blesse his holy Name. Blesse the Lord, O my soul: and forget not all his benefits.* And what can ye doe lesse, to shew that you forget them not, then that the remaining course of your preserved lives be answerable in some good measure to the mercies and miracles of their preservation. And to mind you the more of Gods mercies and your duties, let me beg of you, what I hope you are already resolved on before I mention it to you; That you would not fail to observe the last day of *July*, as a solemn day of Thanksgiving unto the Lord all your lives through; it being a day, wherein God (as *Lot* said when he was delivered from the Brimstone & Fire of *Sodom*, *Gen. 19.*) did magnifie his mercie which he shewed you in saving your lives; and that too, from the unspeakable violence, and irresistible force of the most dreadful instruments of his wrath and fury, his right-aiming Thunderbolts, that from the clouds, as from a well-drawn bow, flie to the mark, as they are elegantly described, *Wisdom 5. 21.* as also from those mixt sulphurous, fuliginous, conglutinous, fiery vapours, that they were, and constantly are wrapt up in; and which are Gods Arrows as well as the Thunderbolts, *Psal. 77. v. 17.* Here both Philosophie and History would furnish me with a very large discourse of the nature and effects of Thunder; But *Job's* Question takes me off from meddling much

much with the nature of Thunder, by saying, *The Thunder of his power who can understand?* Job. 26. 14. Let it therefore suffice you, that it is *the Thunder of his power*; and remember, as oft as you hear it, or ought spoken of it, that on the last of *July 1661*. God himself, by his own power, and of his own free mercy, delivered you from that otherwise merciless power of his Thunder, that passeth all mans understanding; and that will help you the better to understand the loving kindnesse of the Lord in your deliverance, and provoke you to be the more thankfull to him for it. And for the effects of Thunder, you have seen and felt so much, that I presume, you need not to be informed of any more, for the inciting you to that duty, which I am now minding you of. I shall therefore as to this particular, referre you onely to what holy *David* hath left recorded concerning the effects of Thunder, *Psal.* 18. and 29. where Thunder is called *the voyce of the Lord*, and that voyce is said to be powerful, or (as others read the places) mighty in operation. And some of those mighty effects are there named, and the lesson recommended to all men from the consideration thereof, is the same that I am now recommending to you. Namely, Therefore to give unto the Lord glory and strength: yea, to give unto the Lord the glory due unto his Name, and to worship him in the beauty of holinesse, or, as it is in the margin, in his glorious Sanctuary.

In the next and last place, When you are praising God for his delivering you from the power of his terrible Thunder, forget not to give him thanks also, for his delivering you in his due time, from the power of a malicious and slanderous hypocritical tongue; which, as it does in many respects resemble Thunder, viz. in its irresistible smiting, indiscernable piercing, and visible besooting of those persons it lights on, according as they are tempered or disposed, as also in the nimble flying, and sudden and unwarmed hitting, wounding, and killing, and the like: So it doth in divers respects transcend it: For Thunder falls most upon Beasts, and Trees, and Buildings, & seldome upon Men, as *Pliny* & *Scaliger* have observed, & our own experience witnesseth: But an evil tongue falls wholly upon Men, and often upon the best of Men. Again, Thunder, when it does light upon Men, it spares often times their lives, and when it does kill, it kills onely their bodies; but the lying malicious hypocritical tongue, spares nothing that it can hurt, and strikes both bodies and
souls,

souls, and endeavours often times to take away mens goods also, and what is more precious, their good Names as well as their lives. Besides (as the same *Scaliger* and *Casaubon* have from others, that are far more ancient, tell us) when Thunder have slain any man, All men did generally carry some sacred, though superstitious kind of Reverence to such a body, and would neither bury, nor burn it, nor take it from the place where it was smitten, but there intomb it, and thought the very place sacred, and accounted the body so smitten to be void of corruption. But the lying, malicious, slanderous tongue, so smites and kills, as that it rests not there, but labours to render those, whom it so deals with, most odious and contemptible to all men: and then it pursues them to their graves, and will not suffer them to remain quiet there, but spits its poyson into their very athes. And therefore, if when any such tongue hath smitten any of you, whom God himself hath spared, or shall further persecute those whom God hath smitten, and talk to the grief of those whom he hath wounded (which is a true mark of a merciless wicked man, *Psal. 69. v. 26.*) God shall then please, by any unworthy Servant of his to vindicate your Honours and Credit. Let the Son of *Syrach's* Eucharistical expressions upon a very suitable occasion, *Ecclesiasticus 51. ver. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.* be each of yours, and say with him, *I will thank thee O Lord and King, and praise thee, O God my Saviour, I do give praise unto thy Name. For thou art my defender and helper, and hast preserved my body from destruction, and from the snare of a slanderous tongue, and from the lips that forge lies, and hast been mine helper against mine adversaries. And hast delivered me according to the multitude of thy mercies, and greatnesse of thy Name, from the teeth of them that were ready to devour me, and out of the hands of such that sought after my life, and from the manifold afflictions which I had, and from the choking of fire on every side, and from the depth of the belly of hell, and from an unclean tongue, and from lying words. And this will be amongst many other comforts to yourselves, an ample reward to him that hath adventured the censure of malicious evil-tongues, to vindicate you from the malice and evil of the tongue.*

